A Detail On Instagram

{Translocation is Everything!}

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About the Author

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There are preambles everywhere. Those written rehearsals of fault lines, fortune and enfeebled divinations can cull sin and city. That fateful soar of the winged agenda is desirable demystification; it is the vested interest we toss into the wind. Flowers, poesies, garlands and so much more are scattered around and sold in Kathmandu. Yet, as plurality arrives, so does the cricket commentary known as an information proxy. The server was down; the methodical policy called technology for all took over. Determinism is a continental drift - a quizzically denounced fait accompli. HTML came to town at a brave moment. We were the carbon copied, skeletal framework of the third world. Life was tough and the terrain was tenuous. Many years thence, the medium's famed, masked benevolence is de facto. Did the Internet save us all? Deconstructing a user experience should uncover insights and intel. Instead, I feel the need to, hoarsely, assert my unchallenged status as a critical dot on the network map, a vital link in the chain, a misrepresented but assured profile in the creative mass. The un-sequenced program and unmitigated circumnavigation continue.

The seamstress did us a mighty favour. Amidst life's lessons and lemons, we were blessed with buttons. Big, bold, brazen fixer uppers, buttons are a new relief, a new package. On the interface, there is no dream-woven dressage. The dialog box has drawn epic crowds to deliberate upon functions and features of the new century, the old modernity, the semi-tailor-made rent collections. Prohibitively conservative in cultural practicalities, the Nepali digital is an understanding, an appreciation. The fin de siècle of life's littered polyphonies is the beginning of a simplified, determined daily living. 9-to-5 ça va? The High years were like Petrogras with ambient foie gras as the phenomenology. The chicken here is not a la Kiev. It is a la carte. Our barbecued performances lie in seared delicacy much like the café au lait superimposed as an elixir, a high art offensive, an existential dynamic. Olé!

The hinterland, appearing abject and extreme, shows itself to be an amphitheatre of age-old belief and bounty. Angular sun and green ethics have rendered the whistling,

willowed worker a village sensation, the leader of the lost resolve, in decisioned. Urbanity is co-designed yet DIY, sanitized yet risky, populous yet scheduled as a learnt art. Behaviours ride pillion in direct opposition to glamour but the attitudinal shift is a symphonic gala of upward mobility. Natural colours were sourced. Cakes baked in l'orange style were delivered. Fine lettering rose to the occasion. Paper cups have successfully distanced a displaced, overwhelming hospitality. Economies of scale are approved, indigenous, sermonic. Psycholoanalytics could be the next big level - the couch and conch shell of tumult remedied into disciplined walking. Metrics are making it, creating an avowedly industrious group think, innovating upon civilian tragicomedies. The large expanse of waiting, watching moda dominates, arranges, calculates the oeuvre it needs. Necessity is the long-grained invention that was poised for dissent, war and other dehumanizing barbarisms.

Enthused by people power, I signed in. Invoking the mystery play, I log out. The miracle is evident, judiciously presented. We are the resilient backbone of an Orientalism delectably named the emergent world. Emerging trends belie tough talk, tough predicaments, toughness. A pandemic became a wakeup call for the world and the porcelain cup with insignia is the soporific. The taxied philanthropist deciphers message, mode, the makai bari of international transgressions. Chief among my own responses to the pandemonium is a little picture in a big place. Accentuated by class, caste and other errors of judgement, we live the dream, the accent, a Haifa turned Halifax sort of socio-philosophical milieu. Constantinople was an emperor. Guinevere chose too. Othello, certainly, knew a good time from a bad one. Impedimenta was right. The belittled people of the big palladium known as politics see the lies for what they are - the Book of Job is not unknown here but the adage of the Holy Grail is contrition not discovery.

Moisturized and medleyed, pink marble is imminent. We have chrome surfaces relieving the mechanistic injuries of chaos and collectible sans terre. A commes des

garçon movement overtook the barrage of altered grievance. The backdrop of heaven, hell and everyplace in between redesigns reactionaries in full form. Revolution has returned as the ultralight passage of incarnate anthropologic. To bend it like Benghazi would be humorous. Following Daniel Pearl, there is Hebdo. Charlie Hebdo. Mercifully, the book is still mightier than wordplay. Video is looped, shareable poetry. What, though, is liquorice? Is it the truffles of the candy world? Al Fungi has hit the scene, the clan has gone Siciliana pizza many times over and the Negroni is available in town. Muted sensoria screen the caged, erring intellectualist. Perception and difference are virtual galleries, indiscretion, the orca's gallantry. Released leasehold friendships are the finesse and an entrustment. Wrinkled and raspy, we contribute, pay tribute but rest as yoga and other values are redistributed. Assigning bitter names to solvency and crisis, we are herded but the rangeland is civil, societal, the past tense of intractability.

Climatiseur! New diction is salutary in the Internet of Everybody and Everything. The hyphenated woes of indescribables are read as wisdom, warnings. Happy is the man who saves the document and spell checks. Auto-filled people arduously climbed the ladder but the Steppes are evolved, dense. Covering human disinterest was a precis exercise and the reporting of activation which could have rechristened disaster. Das auto is dasvidanya. Stumbling upon architecture, I found the gulley to be a narrow escape from unwarranted exposure. It was a good time for falling leaves, fallen chips, figurines that embody a way of life. Naya Nepal is a significant departure for many but a reserved qualifier for others. The ethnic is greater than ethnicity. The grammarian interceded and struck a chord of contentment for all. Smiling faces, often diagrammed, which lacked lustre have proven the fallacy, the theorem, a hypothetical criterion called muscled profanity.

The mazed haze over my dwelt environment cleared many cobwebs. The silken spider trap of power turned blasphemous yet all consuming. The poacher's wily wanderings are, for us, a protest, a collision, the shortened story of the dispersed retinue. Daring

and short-term, information seekers, decision makers and builders are reimagining democracy, theocratic enlightenment, Plato's unpublished Socratism. Medicinal planters vow to end universal suffering. The shepherd has sheared in the name of plentiful life, a peasant's continual creativity. Pravda could be in the cards. The beatnik years were recall. The stoic visage is Circe, the conspiracy of colour, race on the rebound. Phlegmatic and miniaturized, the bastions of yesterday's ease bucked the trend and brought extempore to silent towns. The farm has new wings now. Eloquent translations of vernacular architecture resume and liberty is a transgenic, serious, serene pursuit. Persistence, too, reclaims warlordism, the war gambit called territory, a begotten amorality.

Aqueducts can be enlivening in this phase of unreality. Imperceptibly, the globalized village builds its self-assurance into the framed, equitable pose - the selfie is an emboldened act. Fish-mongering for turf and tentative commercialisations, the waylaid, way faring political tag is an aberrant, the knave of old, a parking ticket. We were badly off for a while - the master switch was on. Much in the manner of object-oriented programming in computerized science, the lives we lead are a persona, the personality in Id and ego politica, pina colada for the road. From the innards of sectarianism arose a vindication of the rights and responsibilities of de Guerre whom we reason to be de rigeur. There are massive research hypotheses and even more to synthesize as a metropolis. Antithetically enough, we lack the influential provocateur. The jury, thus, is out. Tactical in absence, Nepal's loyalty points have begun to quell microbes, forsaken identity, the Bacchus in them all. Those in search have been seated, those that infringe are a visceral parody of the crash called loss.

Gaining ground and merit points, Naya Nepal's fastened track reconstruction has upshot founding value systems. Ill luck, though, resides in open dereliction. The parallelogram was education. The paralysis of the conscience, however, is, deftly, choice. The learned are the book writer's provincial detour. As doorways begin to slide

and surround, so do well-crafted verbs and verbalization. Earned behaviour has done it, again - lifted the masses, classes and country ilk from the dirge of catastrophe onto the barge of cautious neutrality. The resistance was so Vichy. French is a privilege on the worldwide web. The quizzed are happier. At a distance and instructional, modern schooling has won its lapels. Modems for all worked in the city but contrarian analyses are pushing for new boundaries, new gateways, social commerce renewed. The discovery of the influencer was beyond perception metrics. The market was weary and now it is influenced, retrofitted, rehearsed.

Bionic, binary, prototypical, the social is an encompassing artery. The Havana collective eased into evaporating, chaotic transnationalism but forsook the soul shaming neglect of rule books. Hardened musicality appears best fitted for the seas, the Sapien watchtower, a peripteral conversation. Cathartic value was mined and decided. The productive stresses and glow-less embers of the man-powered company are leading a resurrected normality, a deciduous fatalism. The temple is our fervent signifier - where the faithful ring bells, light lamps, worship in earnest retreat. The pantheon was in tow, leaving grants of humanist hope and decipherable existence. People were taken aback by the other, the significance of another, a careworn escape into the better natures of mortality. The eternal was ephemeral in their eyes but strength in living hostilities is superior to fevered endings, newer catastrophes.

An unfettered, long-forgotten road to morphed Marpha opens itself each time anxiety stands at the doorway. The past became a cache, a sachet, the daring marathon of a genome project. Fledgling oligarchy was wanton, waylaid. A consolidated nation cannot afford tribalist dialect nor loosened deviation. The cycle of birth and rebirth presses on for air, sanctions, blessed sanctity. Hardship has rewarded the dark, endangered burdens, the return to undulating geopolitics. The struggle for the Sputnik logos reached the peak, a characterized evolution, impossible ascension. Spring blossomed for the many, winter was a unitary descent. Unified, massaged, warmed by light, the merry

makers of Nepali workstations took geo-engineering back into the canal spout and the Kali Gandaki's benign currents. A heap of earth is resonant. To reap one must sow plenty. The fallow ranges are prehistoric, archaeological, esoteric but firm.

A nickel and dime swam around in the river's edge and answered the bird's lilting call. Our prayers were understood too as underlying assumptions on human materiality memorialized the sudden, epoch-making anvil of orthodox belief. Quick cadences of written verse, agile entries delivered, clear schema sketched for the future - all publish a climax, the entropy, our collective humanity. Pondering on the spirit, the wounds become a deletion. The nightmare has ended invasive, parsimonious thoughtlessness itself. Warmth was scattered as gifts, hyperlinked commas, wrought iron. A cool, metallic revision of sight and sound brought history to bear on the present, opened a telegraphic signal called leadership. Bourgeois pretence adds to the theory of everything and nothing. "The chair she sat on like a burnished throne ... " Unicode stays, ftp is for everyone, the smart touch will not be the gauntlet. Delish is a new normalcy. The homemade relish will be the trump card.

The soy beaned, tofu'd, gluten-conscious dark web is a current regime. Curated for the good life, we resemble the giant Chinese panda, fixated on bamboo and rice balls but expressing knowledge of darkness and light, east and west. Lasting impressions rarely leave. Those formative, formational years tutor, tailor an edgy society, take and give the red lantern of cultural ease. What is ecosophy? Sophisticated cars traverse the sporadic highway trip and petroleum has coloured the causeway to the cabin. Cottages are a new high. A farm table, wooden and wise, is a carved premonition, the muse of commitment, a workable easel in the Gorkhali palindrome. The justifiable society is an initiation, an analysis of fire and ice. To think, we must try and to try, we put thought aside for sundry processes of living trivia. The Terathum megalomania in Nepali life beseeches as it had broken stone in the past. Rich, recriminated, role played to sheer excellence, the stoke has recanted militarism, bought pheasants, declined the cushion of comfort zones. To

see, there must be sight.

Our deities find mellow, modish immortalization but the burnt lamp of gilt, lit inflammation is a holy say. The profane is far more incendiary, conceptual, a piece of the pied piper's puzzled, corrosive detente. Eroded values that repatriate the triple R and the triple C can fire re-evolution, radical insomnia, the hungered look of the chosen crisis. A softened, silken battleground was a token from the elders and their forbidden poetry. The written word became a startling start up, a starlight, an old starting point for unknown evil. Assiduously chasing the meaningful vocation, our true maison d'etre, I run into familiar, familial mis-congeniality called espionage. Industry would be wise to reconsider the fine print, the cartography, a post-modem iteration for the unfutured. Doctored by choice and the inflamed imagination, those who seek a higher intentionality can, and must, reach the much-maligned destination called predestiny. Failure makes us Ars poetica. Success is like a cigarette corner at the Summit. The Everest trash collective made a strong statement.

The lost and found archive of dispossession dispassionately arranges the troika, the Tinkune telepathy, a bold aggression towards antipathy. Veiled contingency marks the hour. Exposed by stickers, the network of dots and dashes is augmented by reality, intellect, a Hyperion of agency and ancestry calling for examined art. My true calling awaits. Camera slung, I trod the empty mile around patriarchy, ebullient lifestyles, a public named the zebra crossing. As the temple gajur elegantly heralds recognition itself, the slowing, syncopated rhythms of social harmony are the wind chimes of my city - the city of Vajra. Bajrabarahi is a legendary pilgrimage site. The Karmic oneness of indestructible ideology has won a new peace deal; the peacekeepers are armed with the law and hurried, inspired front liners stockpile mineral water. Bottles are welcome. The T-shirt dominates the body politik as it had the body real. Sub-dominant in the attired idiosyncrasy is the cotton-wool idiom of active wear. Activities, in this amphitheatre of identity, define everything but the mere, mobile dream of a standout crowd and the

survival of the fittings are turnkey. Applied anthropology comes to mind as the bistro flourishes with the best and brightest replete in neon signs.

The occupation of historic policy failures was a denouncement - the veritable Dunciad of all bookkeepers and urban pigmentation. In borrowing from Western vaults, the aix-la-chappelle by way of entreaty won guffaws and levity. The slippered remain sound in judgement. The boots have calculated terrain. The stiletto is chosen for a few good societies. The shoe horn is back where it belongs. The wooden sandal is authenticated. Faux, too, is floored and festive. The Golconda years are not particular, rather a pocket full of poesies. Memorable as the watershed moments of the chosen currency, name, fame, misnomers, the pastiche of big events all cascade into affect and effect. Malapropisms are here to say the piece. We write to recount. We recant the verses. I have found a new home and so has my dog. The most prophetic of all drama could well be RENT on Broadway - a trousered group relieving the world of a perpetuity called a seat at the high table. Wooden frames do wonders for craftsy folks and for spatial aura. But, need we alter the tree or the window it was designed to be?

Halfway across the high Himalayas lies the cradle of wild flowers. In Nepal, the bright red Lali Gurans crystallizes modest naturalism in a few brush strokes. Ironic though it seems, this tribute is simply the past moralized. Too many bouquets spoil the cook. We offered flowers at the temple and Naya Kathmandu could be within reach. After all, the banned vocals of an undeserved revolt are better than the damned drumbeat of war. It sounded like a cackling shrew's last laugh right before the fork bend of transhumance. The meadows look pretty now though. The gifted coop has ordered in. Grand folly has receded not unlike Ngozumpa. Silver is the new black. Gold is back in business narratives, our back pockets, the sovereign debt crosses they bear with quiet determination. Wealthy nations are beset by exacerbated, protracted, materialistic problems too.

The whodunnit of our age comes across as penury though not poverty and technologized words are careful not to evangelize Mao Tse Tung's ideal of a great China. The chinoiserie, of course, has become a Dowager endowment, the high political realm of changed circumstance, fallen manna from a modernist heaven. Gracious domes beguile only the savvy. Did you hear about cultural evolution on the radio? The red lantern of beneficence is a moment. The moon cake is auspices. Chopping away at the stove, I see the wok as wealth. Savaged necessities were proliferated too. The ringtone sounds off recalcitrance. The industrious might of Asia has, yet again, been severely swiped by elongated, nail art which tells the whole tale with glee. Bone jewellery was most becoming of the lady who wore black as vested interest. White must, then, be the compromise, the party dove of feudal socialism.

Leading a flock, the state apparatus in any given neighbourhood battles celebrity and a dilapidated buyer persona. A boxed, batched, brave angle to solvency was found and salutary too but plantation politik is lost without the matron, the eviscerated serf, a catchy, worldwide tune with which to nimbly pardon the absentee. The deal was struck at midnight; the earthquake hour is midday and the sundial is rebuilding peace in zygote county. Dearth is the dirty dirge, the quagmired insupportable, my final attempt at sense making for good. The dawn of refreshed socio-ecology pours a prismatic ambience into a tired peasantry. Fresh fruit brings Neolithic communitarianism to plotted grounds, fallow soil. A fever pitch is the ending - wellness is a singing bowl of intoxicating and solvable concepts. Denied but direct, people from Nepal are termed to be peoples of planetary origination, a residual imperative, the impressionable science of earthly sentience.

In my bid for a mid-life pragmatism, resentment and hilltop windows shone through. Darkness is not evil here. The lived cultures of the world are symbolically treasured. The

relaxing comfort of a qualitative livelihood is a precious gemstone amidst the swathes of jewelled priorities. Technically speaking, gestation was forgiven its formulae but the placebo is, arguably, the most effective of all subscripts. Footnotes were helpful too. The body electric chose a functioning dynamic; the chatbot has surpassed superiority itself and connections are the new contacts. Mathematical in prosaic presence, Jane Austen's village of stereotypically local umbrellas has gone away. Laced by cognitive processing, we are still emerging, still developing, still in the circle of thirds. Pianissimo!

It took a large stretch of landmass to reconsider our holy river. The river that is grey and poisoned will suffice as the mark of degraded power. As the disenfranchised leave for greener environs, simple fare is festive, a summer of communist blockades, the reformation of man's caravan coincidences. As franchises open up, however, littered, lettered objectives, planned by earnest labour, gain KPI, consternation, a constellation of healthy discussion and indented groupism. Defacing higher moral ground, reigns of terror have come to revive old vows and older enemies. My friend is a script of transformed ultra-class, super busy hedonism, acute inferences by ruptured regard. Heraclitus is held to his word. The anti-hero antagonizes only those niceties that waver, wither, worry about fatalism. The protagonist was petty politicking and pressed for space. We wondered if God was listening to the quarried makers of pencil points. The good lord giveth yet they taketh a fray.

The dark night of relinquished horizons has passed, transmigrated, sought fairer opposition. We equivocate on necessary but token challenges of vocational enterprise, wasted inventories, quirky travails that linger for actualization and self-prophecy. Celestial warnings are mantra. The chameleon has surveyed its turf. The bird of paradise announces purgatory. It is divine, it is comedic. Imbroglio is exercised. The great exorcism of canker and coinage disguised truth but camouflaged bolstered truism. Baked goods replenish human toil. I broke bread but just to enjoy supper. The triennial can ruffle feathers, cage our fears, indoctrinate the monarch butterfly. The doctrinaire is

a socio-economic entity, actually. Lest we forget, rules were bent not just broken. Abiding faith in grace, goodness, good hearts was rekindled by the super troopers known as fellow citizens. The powerful were at lunch. The chaotic manoeuvres of the next in line showed ever narrowing vision and all was lain.

The visual rhetoric of a bird diving into a still pond is truth, a war cry, the catchment's buoyant victory. Skimming the surface, too, made perfect sense after being audience to a skilful navigation by a blue finch. Natural affinity trumps competence and reading signs can be a sabbatical par excellence. The wronged have been heard. And yet, rights-based projectiles sign out in high frequency. Have we reached the last milieu, a political reactionary's dead end, the tightrope of tyrannical presupposition? They believed the instinctual would guide in the dark, that inchoate habit could spark the meaningful message, that subterranean pathos would be an apt orifice for the world. The wretched, reeling, subtitled hall of fame we call the street nearby allows a balmy sprint now. Sects of immunized social workers, rapt in extended delegation, were tolled by taxa and Turkish coffee saved the day.

Overlooking our park offensive, the cabled TV antennae eases the estate state of mind into viewership that can only be called a platform for media mogulism. Hard put to fix our broken, besieged systems, we monitored the monitor and screened the smart screen as flawed, imperfect extensions of our own, administered thirst for news and information. Transfigured by the hectic emptiness of counter-ethnocracy on Twitter, the quasi-prophetic ethno-polity has also been recognized as authentic, a solidified resurgence, the bastion of Sapien monumentalism. Popularity carelessly slings a doormat near the window and, thus, conflict is transformed. The doormen extort Socratic metaphysics; the ease of doing business is sub-platonic dialogics. A semi-Japanese martialism was herald to older books, obscured linguistics, aged Ayla for the celebratory joust.

The patented porch needs a brush with the opulent propaganda machine. Fixtures signify political correctness. Biodiversity is sustained by musical elements. Signs of strife, libertarian stalls and packaged condiments, the overarching selfhood called purposive direction are bespoke. Deluded grandeur has left for its own centrist dictum. The Nepali New Year's Day marks lunar astrophysics, our fast-forward co-dependence, the sovereign promise of greetings and good wishes. The tall order named communalized harmony has passed the baton to socialized justice which, in turn, has relegated its spot to the moulin rouge of martialist supervision. Mighty injustice, however, lost to a silent prayer bead, the Andalusian melody under a Grecian canopy, a patisserie filled with chocolat. Life is beautiful, indeed. The Stiftung years are approaching and I feel like I need that Lautrec speakeasy. I must get to that point of un peu, une jeunesse, on ça que moment.

The butter lamp is a flame of creation. We have moved away from much of the dharmic ritual systems, but the bhakti implicit in all ritual worship is a strong, binding, Nepali meta ethic. Supporting people through existential turmoil and the everyday inevitabilities of bygone battles, the lamp's unerring, astute, even dialectic could be the cascades we have lost to history. The fjords, then, are the perfumed decorations seen in every temple. The seeing mind has lost many strategies and relationals, borne victory in light caution, found zealous alms in caveman ethics. The willing voice, however, must decry the demonized, malignant curse of violent regress. Recess would serve the cause well. The Medusa years, needlessly trended, were not for us. We encamped the sources and forces of humanity with method. There is hope in walls, gated structuralists busy in design, the Marxist turned methodologist.

The smoke of burning incense, earthen palas filled with flowers from the hillside, stony grounds of layered gravel begin the crucial task of replenishing the spirit and its space.

The roofed sanctum bears resemblance to a living religion, the inner world of communion, transience now repurposed for eternity. Permanence is a rare occurrence here. But impermanence is studied, crowded by movement, a lost water colour in compound ink. Compulsively and effusively, we scour the city with an all-consuming search for meaning, the multitasked, deadlined mug of coffee, a collectivism whose time has come. Rare books were seen in rare places but lush gardens are the symposia - plush life-styling in familiar, post-homestead backyards. Decisioned nationality has put decorum on its true pedestal. Fallen heroes are emblazoned on terra cotta. The deglazed, Quartz, gramophone background of growing up and out is a memorable soundtrack, too.

Yesterday was momentous. The newspaper does events and serendipity nicely. The blog roll and other spurned, spoon-fed information services which could lack veracity are being rounded up for the next phase, a definitive, cranberry sauce wish-list from the user bases, programmable gratifications that underlie much of our inviolate right to information and communication. Freedom, though, is a better understood nominalism. We do try to sing in the summer. We do invest a fair bit of our patient retrospection and other resources on infallible, mathematical, hysterically user-friendly technicalities. I wonder about the hacker for whom it was a game point. Deuce! The advantages of living in long-term efficiency are akin to being casual on that well-placed bamboo swing reserved for Dasain's promising frolic.

Self-actualization terabytes deride the flock for its cloned, carouselled, incarnate anthropomorphism. Sleeved garrulity whispered a few wily facts. Fiction was sieved into the final militancy called a sack. Family fun is rushing to safety, traditional bricks, the drive-in that returned as unofficial authority. Temporary, tilled, terraced, agronomic legacies have surmounted the usual, subtle machinations of hyperrealism. Big pharma pulled through. Big business likes the weather now. Big government had a good laugh. Time management is the ruling gaffe, an ionosphere of hyperventilation, an itemized

defence mechanism with sharp sword skills. The thin, sleek blade of advancing economies cut the ribbon of cooperation beyond borders. We look pleased. Wrestling ambivalence in gulley smarts, heavy loads of outraged misfortune finish securing the untended, unintended crucible of prosperity in Nepal.

Safer distances, softer pillows, sea salt weave a magical mysticism when nirvana is in doubt, where falling angels revoke supplication. Plain and chipped, daily duties rely on thought and thorough distention for that ascending summer - the dark granite of a standard life. Pink has lost the battle but won the war. Mild hued boudoir culture is good for us, they say. They washed their hair over the road that needed repair. They threw whey into a patch soon to be a container of containment. Contentment, too, sold flowers at the crossroads. Haute is damn cool and street food is fondly untethered from the apron string of vocal, local snackdom. Couture has taken on material engineering with an air of sublimated, official disdain. Shoes are the new socks. Impromptu debris appears as easily as it disappears - a cunning fx, too, for some politicos. Travel was terrorized and so inculcates the third world junket with vengeance. Shakespeare has transmuted into a well-known celebrity from a rich, baroque past - the poet who knew, the man who wrote about it all for the good of mankind, an indispensable pop quiz for well-read people from the West. The East has gone back to its own skilled and discernibly competitive way, its own stolen deities, its own fine-grained, aromatic Basmati.

Funereal by battlegrounds, the itinerant racial profile is a diadem for artists who sketch and colourize. Amongst the globalist management gurus who think in straight lines, one finds the odd empath, a Ben Hur amid the Lawrence of Arabias, the nuance proficient induction into assembly halls better served by vernacular music. The tapestry of phenotypical, organic-styled people who visited Nepal has raised eyebrows, furnished ambitious campaigns in the four-wheel drive, darkened an agony called mindful eating. We await poetic license. We denounce carnal sin. We are, still, parcelled into brown

paper bags of infinite abundance. We have long hoped for progressive ideology but succumbed to bitter, organized feuds run through caste discrimination. Practices, however, make me smile. Some stay outside the sanctum, some inside. Some know of the higher realm; some believe in creationism. And, some were looking for their new abode.

The illusionist struck an epic reality in the cemented, chrysanthemum caucus known as decriminalized, desensitized chaos. It was a world gone awry, stung by the callousness of the changing but mutual agenda, scripted into poses and decibels only espoused by the posse. The have knots became a baker's working timetable. Destiny is kind when eager capitalists listen to the radio. Sensational in exhortation, the news fraternity deciphered poesy, decried heresy, dulled anxious intelligentsia into the status quo. Stately homes are warm where gardenias are the housework. A frauline from the divan years spoke as if in oracle. Delphic stone works are a virtual reality, too. Linked, leveraged, incubated project managers leave the daily task to the daily time stamp. Wages are met with joy when wagging tails have fixed their chained walkabouts. The wines of summer are for eager speakers, artful decorators, indifferent members of the political toolbox called partisanship. Parsnips, then?

With iced tea as sustenance, I walked about in the hope that reclaiming lost heritage would be met with orientalist enthusiasm. Richard Wagner, easily attributed by musicians, is the maestro of morendo. Enthused only by gilt embroidery, the neighbours have doused this ethnic vibrato with early morning salutations known as green fields. The armoire was returned but the swivel chose disembodiment as a statement of expertise. They say the government has plans, too. I can see levitating towers, elevated scaffolding, houses with names and numericals. I can feel climatic dynamism run through the recently hailed Melamchi waters. The watershed moment is not a sudden, rushed, caved waterfall nor, indeed, a lagoon in the middle of nowhere. Someday, when blue waters and tangled reeds deign to bless them with presence, I will

rest in the hillock nearby. I will care for the wildlife. I will rescue our ropeways from outrageous vicissitude.

A javelin in flat, skirmished land broke the news story. Automobiles, the personal kahnbahn, young belladonnas were to be gathered and geared. Kathmandu is resourceful, edgy, duplicitous but vernal pasts see beyond lost winters and careless spring feasts. The uprising went viral. Protesting banners and placards did much of the detailing - all lives should matter. Leadership can only stretch thus far, thus wide, thus exponentially. The striped, singed, circuitous ties that bind people to impassioned electorates have borne farce and fasts with virtuosity. Subpar fringes come into play as distant shores prepare for inclement nights and clemency. The age of sorcery drew to an end; the ceremonial was editorialized by white men, totemist gestures, ladies with attitude. Persecution, both complex and borrowed, haunts the healing, hazarded tribes for whom less is, really, more. Thresholds now carry thermostats as beacons. A footprint is a counted, metronomic mesotropy.

Indolence was rewarded. Insolence played into the wrong hands. The ace, in burqa for many years and freed from the shackles of forcible purdah, rose to win the final, meritocratic, downswing called everyday life. Nights, too, we were told but quietly. John Stuart Mill is trending on Pinterest - the utilities are back in utilitarian regimes. The aristocratic, silver spooned indemnities have forgiven their supervisor. The fitness regime will climb in winter; it matters not where but how the mountains are conquered. There is an icefall doctor at hand in case of fallen ice. Rescued puppies are narrative fame. The shoreline shored up sodium instead of soda bottles. Rightly or wrongly, the media is the avowed, avenging messenger. They overheard our winged co-habitants chirping - egalitarianism will be extended to the animal kingdom, too. Rocks, returning soldiers, the reviled frenemy are, once again, part and parcel in the age of aquariums.

A renaissance woman brought Ikebana to the tired metropole - arrangements and sharp shapes have supported the hallowed halls since. Socially distanced learning has nurtured well where conventional wisdom was a gap, the recalcitrant fountain head, doubted faith. Mobile telephony, once a new technology, is the equitable promise of interactivity, communicative trans-nationality, alleviation. Lazy town squares are not branding anymore, rather pulsating hubs of empowered urbanity. The turbaned, tanned, testy archival of visitations will jog memory, appoint the salon, order mass scale in the post-peak economy. Economic justice remains hazardously enfeebled by turbulent openness. Laissez faire, c'est ça! Leading the troupe, many names were recalled. Ours is a slab, shafted parable, gripping the zeal for productive correlation. Databases have sifted the defining detail called information. Facts are the new fractals - graphene is a call to disarmament.

A Licchavi-era temple broke the static, systematic exploitation of the natural cure. As we reached the tradition-bound bricks, layered by artisanal foresight, the sun appeared as a Himalayan advantage, the precursor of fluid dynamics, spiritual energy in a depleted, distraught planet. Building blocks, carelessly disregarded by many, were the message. The built terrain was a moment. Architecture was clear and present. God is infinite detail. The battle for lost identity, sovereignty, liberty need no longer confound any difference, distance, decision. We exist in simple materiality. Opposed to harsh, polarizing schisms, we can preserve the exemplar and foundational exercise of freedom. Neuro-ethics has a triumphal urgency about it, but awareness is belief too. The reckless, enervated demagogue is a pursed, pedantic relic - modern crises of conscience now require artificial intelligence as directive, as mechanism, as modern automata. Fixated on the lived experience, I have returned to nature what I had lost in the nubian fallacy.

The dislocated Nepali polizzi warrants an assessment of strength, prominent fallibilities, eminence in action. Displacement was tried. Dissonant melodies in the ethnomusicology of neural networks rang in the well-tempered clavier - Bach NOW has

never been more resonant a solidarity. Dissipated rivers have clung to caverns of mineral pre-eminence. Cool, tepid, terrifyingly biological stones are sending the right missive to the Corinthian - ask not only but politely too. Gutsy, green tank tops have pushed the illuminati cadre for a greener evolution, the makings of green socialism, an argus of ions not, though, nerve-edged stereo phones. The balcony is back. Bleeding logs that decalcify are flattened by finesse. It was the golden hour that bode well, that brought soft cotton summer to its resourceful emptiness. The lightweight era has appreciated its brush with fortitude and dinner will be served in tableware. Mints, too. Mascarpone is the class act, the final scene of bereavement, a passion for stress-tested curation. Lacquer is in the hall. Temperatures, tempers, tampered pride - all resolve the goodness we call a storybook.

The best of our kith is busy. Remote sensing is the new lease on life. Faraway is a nigh possibility of trade, armistices, structural immortality. There was a field of well-sprouted beans here, a charmed community of wells, hidden gemologists. I bought a good-sized gem and I am supply-chain intensive, a rare opportunist in the micro-enterprise, the bell ringer from a convent with one bell. Big plans are quietly disseminated and small splashes of April rain cartwheel incidence. The mighty incidents of febrile, slithering wealth and armoury were reported by all and sundry. Injustice as the blow cushion is a sight, an enraged massif, thorough feedback in an email that says do not reply. I replied anyway. I communicate, inform, autodidact, interact, experience but the uses and gratifications theory could set the last pint of beer, on the last mile of the muddied road, as the last whisper of the inadequate equation called equality. Equitable distribution of fruit custard could be the welcoming bribe from the brethren. Furnished duplex does fetch and win luxe, deluxe, luxurious entrenchments of humanity's greatest folly called the grass menagerie.

The legumes of society, parched for presentability, are gaining support for tea party smorgasbords. Zeitung was insurrection. Asahi Shimbun will repurpose the will to

power and Nietzche's fail safe proclamations can determine bumper crops, harvesting commercial self-sacrifice at the subaltern sofa of the populist Dogé. Rendered infirm of gig space, we plod on toward the evening, the darkened revival of equidistance, the novel beginning of human and benchmarked literacy. Ignorance was the machete. It was instilled motion. It rose from the maelstrom of money that exchanged hands, hunts, heaven-bound heaps. Hell is a state of misery. The state ought, now, to be mended like the pelican-briefed and broken fence in Utopian discourses, like sea breeze for the modern mariner, like Gaelic heterodox frankincense. Greater expectations dictate to the master of uniform suffering and the servant leadership that never used freshly-brewed, tapped propaganda. The machine is a splintered thing. In the foment and foil, we have learnt to decipher silence, scenery, a sickle too with the hammer.

Danger is dotting the map. Levels match thrift economics. The censorious naturalist called paradiso fell into hard times again. Hotbeds of entrepreneurial activation read the news as if in a trance, in a merry swing of oppositions, in purgatorial ennui. Rays of repose are understood to be important science. The steps of a temple are an advancing theology - a diatribe when misstepped and mistaken for clam chowder time. Leaves are systemic symmetry in the blend, the unfurling flag of ecology, tactile neutralism. We must decide the future of work. Incapacitated ministries are dealt a gauntlet of challenges. Rarely do I miss that fateful moment of brilliance as competence itself becomes a star and a firmament. Biomedical engines are churning as global fallout touches null. Globalist phantasma has much to encounter as unencumbered, touring life loses its foothold at the top. The top-down approach is devoid of scandalous interrogatives.

The life-affirming vocation launchpad, earlier known to be a website of curious homilies, has shaped, quite dramatically, into a network of personification. Friending the foe on Facebook is, officially, a social evil but, significantly, also a democratic process on the free and open Web. Operations are nanosecond calculi but the instant

manager cum messenger shows, symptomatically, a Darth Vader affect called voyeurism. The raiders of the lost ark syndrome traced its own altered source in cryptographic memoranda. Imagine gold coins and Steve Jobs is a great seer of the technological revolution. Contagion, however, is rebooted as a red blip, the microbial interjection on populist failure, a propagating instinct reserved for the plastic, elastic doll but not the doll's house. Business is good and Zuck(erberg) could win the last ticket. Entablements waver and the digital detox makes Yoga appear simplified, unsympathetic, insufficient a promise from the Gatesian miracles. Measured, deliberative, informed debate has left the building too. I am on hold, a handle, the magically-bulleted, un-suitcased story of eager beavers who hibernate in summer.

Hyper-nationalism is a wildfire in disguise. It senses fear, anxiety, want and distress with perfectly-poised skill. I am Nepali and, thus, we sigh while richer, stronger willingness brings forth capital vows in the amphitheatre marketplace named value in ideals. Ours is a scrupulously traditional terrain. We do the carbon sequestration and the rest trade in it. There was mention of diamonds in the rough just a while ago. The ladies must keep the pooch in fur not faux. Termite resistance to oppression was a political application and remedial revolt here. Buildings do not signify builders aplenty. The earthquake can be seen, through this lens, to be a tour de force, a vehement treatise, a shake-up of other-worldly methodologies. Magnanimous natural forces have since counter-acted our dependencies with fresh and wholesome rain, hail, frozen food from the backyard farm. Steadied by communal, costumed banquet halls, we emblematize a responsive design microcosm - the stealthy, streetwise group with silken, soufflé lineage. May Day, may day, May Day!

The Exxon Valdez spill reached Nepal at an unyielding time. Yields are productivity gains now. Large swathes of undulating grounds are the new spots (where it all happens) for the common good, for nourished and well-behaved ethnicities, for healing bruises from diminished faith and fancy shoes. A bicycle is considered fulsome exercise,

including of rights hitherto cloistered in kingdoms. Savings, searches, synonyms create the ambience for self-sufficient actualities. Existentialism was read up on. Absurdist art crawled out of the woodwork and exhaustively defined the othering, a heretical articulation of selfish delusionals, our mitigation disaster called extremism. The polar bear saved icy neurobiology again. But the snow will not melt away those arid, acerbic sins of omission nor commitment. The mythical dragon called the media has lain the foundation for self-identification. Judged and judicious, the Nepali publics is home for good.

Innovation for all went well. While the comi-tragic modernists were configuring the hypertext, protocol resumed, as a slap on the back, and took to scale a Neanderthal motive called reduced slavery. As we churned in and out of technocratic might, they enslaved themselves to the wrong number offense named a missed call. Poverty, the acid attack on humble Asiatic, was reduced by the people's ire. War is a dangerous, humanized installation. Peace propagates despite the obviously unwelcome transmutations that plague social animals and other such race-based groups. Spotty, superman, scooby-do, doogie howzer and the like have finished their earthbound job and enjoyed what is left of the weather. Manufactured and manufacturing empires do not contend the will of the Queen. The divine right is over but the LGBTQI presented wily events that erased ill will. Former sharks in sharp suits are inhibited in conversation and we were told to mention. We could be heading for the much postponed, rescheduled Sattya Yug, once the remittance transfers are in. Cooperatives are high on the scope. Technical collaboration resulted in a sublime; infrared shield known as the gadget. Gazetteers, too.

The authenticity of beaten rice was litmus tested. It is a savoury offensive. Indian sweets were brought to bear on bionic but steamy developments. The irate pirate flew into a fit of race rage, road rage, anger over redacted legalities that harbour well but bay badly. The statuesque, neo-West Phalian classicism of singular times has transited to plural,

self-sauced, Mohammedan beards. Keynesian frameworks could be solvable, prime time games for tele-mobile gamers who favourite but do not comment. It takes Sophoclean insight to challenge likable authority but it was chief braveheart to whom the shareable question was posed, thrown, disingenuously speared for the good of the planet. Profits for all is in the offing. Scaffolds do wonders for spatial life. Murals, though, are divested to other worlds with whom there is an unspoken, unwritten history but, quite literally, no connection. My contact list could be a cyber secure, median, dance-off talkathon narration. I speak Nepali with a slighted nuance.

The primal, primeval years have passed. Serums, potions, care teach me to digress, preservation, a pure science of self. Indigenous lands are guarded and the big altitudes have treated misdirection, ghetto resolves, a kampong cartel called the social life of culture vultures. Sunny dispositions will be rewarded with laughter, gaiety, discord satire. Gloom, doom, transgressive bondage will learn to see the light, the sacrificial lamb, the liberal incarnate. Conservative politics is decoded for irrational, inadvertent victims of the degenerative world order called the arms race. Sputnik was mentioned - I can feel the Yankee Zephyr make its rounds, barred only by entombed astrophysicists who shook hands with the mascot. The derby was filled with magenta and magnolia. Sumo wrestling is over. Grazing and boxes of nicety summate the sullen, syntactical errors; home is a gardenia of introverted empathy.

Exaggerated precis writing could break the deadlock. The errant bottles are drying and so were the bonus mud-packed sachets. Prisoners of terrorism and conspicuous pantomime, we have unleashed the human prerogative of hustling, bustling bookshops. The geocache might lend some consonant exertion. The bookcase lives on. Exonerated theses, however, will rule the day. My hypothesis is a catchment of elliptical programatics. Illicit liaison is gone. The ritual was grand. Days are not nights. Lunch is dal, bhat, tarkari. The sorbet is better than the rest. Cleopatran mastery and mystery were overanalysed - figs are good with cheese too. The music maestro celebrates

birthdays. I ate brownies at the café. There were disposable revenue generators, flying colours, festival happiness in a glass of juicy ice and tea. Elixir for the masses and classes will be served not stirred. The mass affiliation era was understood via mass affliction, sectarian book binders, extra toppings. The genie was at a golf meeting, mostly.

Keeping in step with people of elevated social standing remains a treasured past. The treasure, itself, was a secretariat of republicans for whom the world had very little time but inordinate sums of money in case they ever felt the dearth. A wealth of opportunities was laid bare and we chose to live at home, in good conscience, of the same orbit. Platonic in philosophy but tainted by the secretariat's cruel grip, the band has left the garage, the garrison, a gaping vacuum of power. We saw men dressed, rather comfortably, in women's apparel by way of the touted, flouted sales pitch. The democratics, as one must deem to honour them, are searching for lost, lessened, unleavened family values. Real estate is no longer an imagery-informed scandal of bad development but, quite obtusely, the redistributed design of everyday abjectness. The checklist, with clickable party favourites, is alive. Objectionable only by chaos-induced, fatalistic intolerance, the new world is turning towards geo-engineered rivers that soak up oxygen in heavenly places. Methane got a mention. I am still plucky about my implacable need to fulfil my legacy as a rasping, retrograde voice in the accentuated, amplified digital commons.

The public is ready for readiness, traction, facilitation. Willing, able and bothered by bugs, we are resolute in the pragmatics of constructivism. Crashes are not welcome here. The debugging of entire resource systems has entailed warlike decoupling of possession and absented conciliatory politics. Consignments are a new high as the container home finds newer partnerships. The abyss of human penury is now codified into and as arsenic neo-Nazi locust swarms. The real concentration camp is well-swept and returns its own favour. My meagre attempts at forward-thinking progressivism

could not pass the long-termism test that only global villages are known to fail. It follows that the village belle did not have that bad hair day joke at hand. The Geisha of yore, on the other hand, is a memorable moment of reasoned, reasonable comprehension. When all else fails, try the top spin. Fractions and fractious neighbourhoods are rising in global surveys. We are what we tik tok.

I listened with intent as my compatriots relayed that uplifting message on livelihood. A living ecology was profound knowledge in brighter skies. The days were harvests of melody, irrigating a parched, membranous, mechanical activity called learning to write. Insurgent times, on the other hand, taught me to forget the Lingua Franca, to denounce preconceived notions of sterling and stellar acculturation, that the grammar school was in recess. Sociolinguistics turns tables as well as it repairs that stalactite of all cognitives. The method-inspired brimstone of commiserated, engulfed interaction came with a postcard from unknown persons. Dry ice is deadly. Ultra-scientific in argument, the flood people found the sacks, the levees, the geysers amusing and inviting. I walked with intention. A small pumice stone, smooth and black, countered my worries - a reason to be, a season for me. The river's edge defines precarity. Early dusk refines naturalist law - the light meters with aptitude awareness.

Lateral and loaded by zeal, our fragile intifada let loose an immersion tellingly motivated by the beaker experiment. Dolomite caves, telekinetic bacilli, Eggs Benedict achieve more popularity in the New York minute than the free world's photogenically powerful emirati. The caliphate was seen as an anachronism; the acid redux polarized the world into doing and being. Nothing has been more excellent to the decision makers than public diplomacy. The monarch butterfly denotes good air but the red earth worm is an ancient guard, a well-known musketeer in fertile ground, signage from the serf that sold the squire's rabbits but made stew in Istanbul. Young and idealistic, the gardener is taking orders. Telemedicine will reconnect the apothecary to the chemist although not before the agency is the master of the algorithm. I jargon ethnobotany.

Classification might dispel old myths again. Ideas can make people happy too. Forlorn hopes do not cut any dice in the casino of computable aspiration. Metamorphosis is not osmosis.

Emulsified by the endemic variety store, we have transcended mindfulness points and chosen to watch the tele-visible. Transcontinental cuisine is a laden proximity. The Chinese do duck well. The Indians are good with big pans of oil and condiment. The Nepali serve with metallurgical insight. Those happy, histogramed inevitabilities called wining and dining al fresco could spearhead the honoured movement for cohesive, adhesive trans-boundary constellations. The Tuscan trellis is an appreciable gourmet moment. The cloche is the better choice. Warm embers that smoke the salmon in farmhouse style are my dualist pursuit. We care well that the fires are not incendiary to noblesse. Obliging the comfortable, the crow cleans the Kausi from its post-war postures and possums. They dance by the window. Burnt ochre recalls knavish addiction to political speeches. Peasant by stock, we have rung the heavy bell of harmonic home repairment. Pardoned by none, facial recognition won a spa vacation with sauna and massages. Wellness, for one and all, is the trend to watch.

I stood impassive as they danced by the door. Celebration is intrinsically heterogenous. The homogenized entropy found their clone phantom to be an operatic manoeuvre, the Bundestag debris from next door, a malleable but equidistant pronouncement. Heresy was reverberating. I laughed as steel knocked them into nocturnal awareness and as Arabian nights brought every hazard into the limelight. The camp shook and so did we. The kampong dredged up slithering canals. The ghetto was their favourite tool. Technically, we are trading kibbutz fundamentalism for fundamentals. Our Main Street dyslexics drove horror back to the roaming caravan. The new, new gestapo is geltenshaft. Ich bin ein Berliner Philarmoniker. The crescendo of indignant nationality, irrepressible humanity, uncapped indeterminacy is a gathering tempest, our only meritocracy. My father was reading Mein Kampf by Adolph Hitler. I saw a feather drop

as if in a waveform - Astrophysics, this time. Galileo got a thumbs up too. It is not the matador. It is the Matterhorn.

The free skies movement was restive. NepalSat is gaining traction. However, the space race brought many explicit, expletive, exorbitant racial biases to the fore. The lab coat is a campaign in established biology. A black plastic bag relegated upfront, combat-ready digital capitalism to the backend of applied finances. They play football where there is no football ground. We jockey for mechanisms and the mechanical bride sings of tribal speculations and conjectures. The pole will be a vault and soon Sergei will enjoy the mule and fresh cider. Fermented, indelible, spotted on the wrong side, the grim reaper from overseas has, officially, gone germicidal. Ethnic cleansing could be the normalized complaint at the palace doors which we must not manoeuvre away. Eastern metals ring as hidden torques display eternal hotel Rwandas. Belle view, too. The telephone is in the right hands relaying, in sheer excellence, the right messages. Applied majesty was an intolerable, intolerant political incorrectness. Those who are born again must live twice. The mountains are tall, pensive, a totalitarian's penultimate and bucket-listed sacrifice.

After the rains, we dry fallen leaves and curate nature's circularity. Precision marketing is high drama, told in fabled overtones, bought by officers. The extraordinary character of enlivened philosophy left me in stitches, metaphorically. Did the Shah's men ever lose their way, at all? Was malice really the third wave? Is Warren Buffet retiring? I prefer Steve Jobs' genius by way of intelligent conversationality. Will the end of power posit empowerment as the next level? Did the inconvenient truth hit the spot? Does every man go on his itinerant, legacy journey or just on a trip down memorial lane? Did the bullet and the ballot box enjoy the durbar banquet terrestrials? Will the last battle for the new republic get across to the borderline? Are we, in actual fact, healing or hurting the box office script? Illuminated Nepal was stung by optical illusions ascribed to the emirs of trade, travel, tested equipment, territorial ingenuity. They must go after tea as we must, necessarily, recalibrate the caffeine. Measuring spoons are emblems but, most

importantly, the raised bar of living styles. I life style with instant coffee. Instant gratification is a good thing.

The baker chose wheat as the topical, tropical decision. The farmer understood that the time was right for pleasantries in little packages of produce. The butcher is at home in the big apple. Reasonably argumentative, the neighbour has found better friends, greater topographical challenges, thronging real time events that live stream gracefully across the political schism. Promethean identity reparations are the reigning silver spoons, the crux of post-modern radicalism, de facto de Guerre that could not speak nor sound and, yet, emitted the last curse and verse on corrupt, candied, crass power. The accountant has realized the dream of accountability in high halls, walls, multinational plastic bags. The coloreds are drying in the sun-drenched balcony. Moving images are matter, mind, overt calcifications of important materials that scientists discuss with tonic, authorized premises. The theory of change is one such reference, now a guiding parameter. A true picture, however, was seen in the palace of woes. In Indian dialect, they sing as a collective but live as if they had, eternally, invented and inventoried the costumes in the gala famed for flowing vitriol and red, Portobello wine. Rancid grape juice will win. Truth, after all, will set us free.

The gargoyle of expressionism readied us all for silence, sirens, seas that rise above acceptable levels. The mountains certainly did tremble. As planetary subsistence took a backseat to narrowly android-inspired technocracy, the misdirected paraphernalia of changed management brewed petty, party confetti while our partisan shipments left in the dead of night. An anxious humming bird is all there ever was by way of the revolving, geoid obloid statement of repurposed life. The saturnalia was choice. Egocentric, en masse tele-dynamics, seen in film, have placed a fossilized pall in case funereal fires turn nasty. Fried eggs are super with grits. The heavens roared. Lightning became creativity in nature. The full spectrum rainbow, captured above the golden Stupa, is a good sign and poetic justice has downloaded the last leaflet on rainfall - drop

by drop, my world is, yet again, bountiful, plentifully pardoned, a credible source for lifelines ranging from breathing exercises to Da Vinci's CDMA predictions. The technologized word gets a nod, finds favour anew, fans newer flames as compliance.

The garden was deluged as a reactive pogrom, with a lion's pride that did not make the final cut, an aberration too incontinent to have passed over to omnipotent gypsum flocks. The glory of a marbled Gilgamesh tricked the phalanx into subservience, as a borne servitude, for shinier pathways in the only obscurantism underscored by ions not Zion. We wept with laughter as the self-appointed king cobra of the day wore the bold message on his feet. We shall overcome these dark detours, these unfathomable gladiator performances, these intermittently-premeditated bleatings for more, for less and for everything. An easy life means so much more. I learned to bear the burden of nothing a bit lightly, with more digital maturity, as the cohort of resistance. Navigability was not the game. Instead, the back end took over human imagination and turned computation science into cybernetics. They say cyber war so very knowingly, so articulately. They considered that I was a speech writer freelancing my wares as existential debt relief. I have gone and now I return with age wrinkled on my forehead.

Early modernist art will recall well. The revisionist's last telethon was mentioned profusely as binary, bicameral, a biennale of personalized wake-up calls. My friend, the forest guardian, sounds the alarm but alarmist, apologist frequencies are now measured by republican authority not influence peddlers. Imagine that the waves were crashing a computer while emerald waters turned turbid and turgid alongside neglected tropes about neglect and other, terrible, ungovernable government offensives. The pina colada moment is trite for obvious socio-economic reasons, due to the glass ceiling that does not eviscerate, because life is a breach sometimes. Unkempt rue is railroaded into lavender and legal print. A leopard is not a cheetah. A destitute spirit is now enriched by amenities that bear timers, tags, salubrious colours to please the bearer of good vibes. Three-day long rain, pouring balm on desertified sensibility, is a signature long

forgotten as a true, quasi-dialectical past, the agronomist's karmic faith healing, a climate region that changed the face of syncretism and verisimilitude. The one-horned rhino was sighted and the elephantine mahout is of sputnik persuasion.

Dominion is tousled paradise. The hermaphrodite incipience brought forth song and seamstresses. The packaging district is remembered fondly for succession and secessionist predilections. We were taken in, bought out, sent into monasticism with fanfare that sparred only as evil in damned places. Fish spawn is pictured as lighter battles, toughened approaches, paisley but upside down. Silk robes are selling well. Spice rubs are the tell-tale supplementary inside hospitality's favoured stations. A staycation is contentment, confinement but also, critically, a roof over the right heads. The hut nearby has long gone official and public. I saw an IPO message on my cellular phone and it appears that peripheral distances are damage control, reversed engineering, management's listicle of rubbled repertories. An archive is secure surfing. Do we need VIP folders? The quiet, unassuming district office has reclaimed its endogenous humanity, digitalized its opera-tionality, driven an SUV to the correct places. We err on the side of the international proxy too.

I logged in. The miracles of legit, cogit Reddit style have surpassed scientific discourse. The knowledge sphere is best public and publicized. An apprenticeship must lead by a well-designed value chain of green recoveries and groceries for all, a network of Bedouin sways, the pull cart of wired, connected, waste-free machinations in democratized prosperity. One microwave (oven), two Microwave (ovens) equals three bags full for everybody bearing a name, an address, access to the cellular revolution and allegiance to belaboured orifices which help close the exposition called globalization. There is a pay wall that would interest those masterful demi-Gods of accountancy - a chosen chalice of classy typography peppered by charity's presupposed retreat. Beaten rice was a happy hour. My mojito by the tapas bar, which overlooked Take 5's honoured tutorship, will no longer be required. We drink Himalayan Spring water by way of a value addition, in

search of our way of living, as a deuce in the contested materialism named the world's lasting extractive polity. Opportunities are exploited.

Our head up in the clouds, we welcome the monsoons - a Nepali reading of red earth and pouring rain is an immortal, ethereal daylight saving while residual econocracy catches up on well-harvested nutrition plans. A lockdown of miles, memorable urban techno battles, the merry species has toughened resident self-actualization hitherto blocked by insider politik. Darwin was a memo. Moratoria on freeloading the national grid caught recidivism dead in its tracks. Transferring epithets and eponyms, our super is returning home with galoshes. Footwear is by far the most design-friendly of all human necessities. We have slippered those who slap the fine. We have reached the right swerve with a righteous missive on walking for a fit, fulsome, free-masoned life geared, as always, in softened, local promises. Upskilling is my current passion. The word Gods are smiling. My simile reached perfect confusion but chose imperfect discipline. They say there are historical ties that keep serfdom's only ennui, its only baked rye.

The workshop, workspace, workplace are all compatible, multipolar, a mezzo forte of planned futurism. The broken bagel is sesame-glazed. The estate manager will be meeting the un-gentrified, English-speaking neo-socialists halfway, in linen ideology, as regalia in emulsified human security. The policeman is watching. A picture of the effervescently-plumed regime gave them the jitters, a glittered evening conversationalist, a mock memory of uniformed governance. Our own trials and errors at signing off on digits and uploads will carry through as anti-nihilist disenchantment, ready for pot stew, counter-terrorism by design. Meager helpings lead to stagnant mergers. An acquired taste rose to the occasion and broke the crisis caper - the laity is gaiety. Making merry is a peckish trump card. Ah, the innovation capital that could be mobilized, the operatic discography of it all, the informational super-glut that could catapult the fortress well into the newly-widened horizon of spectrally. Bespectacled

and boorish, the embittered anarchists have gone to town, fetched the newspaper, revised an alternative history of the Asian gourmand. Aidez, vous!

I am in canvassed bliss for a moment. There were things to do on the things to do list. There were people poised for flight and photography. There was an injured dog who had seen the light of existence too. A fountain was being installed. Installations are somewhat benign here. The jury, as they say, is out and about. Pan-nationalist forces are a newer sieve, a chaffing rightly imbued, the chieftain with pupils to teach. The domineering lady from the immunity line personified impunity but the pugilist's transmutation angst is forever a cinema, an etude with a honky tonk filter, the wasp swarm that did not chrysalis nor crystallize. The jab was not right hook. The upper cut are at a meeting. The boulangerie is everywhere. The croissant I ate in the morning is from Nepal - a design ethos that will induce the peacemaker's smile. Serious business has been reset - no more monkeying around nor Olympiad races into the lower consciousness. Stygian desertification posed for the pelican and the poseur who took the last leap - a deep dive into data derangement cannot heal the world. I arranged some light melodies but class is still at war. Caste is dyeing its own Egyptian linen with flair and natural pigment - flaunted tremors have rested, divested and riled.

The marketplace of modern luxe-wear is a pithy occurrence. Reasoned commodification, the woven paradox of human motivations, an empath's quilled and quizzical entry into designer thinking has brought to the people a quaint tradition named lunch. Tea, on the other hand, is high jinks. Rapidly, I found my way of strife, the West in comic tarpaulin, the indelible mark of an atrium as the Valley's final biographical sketch. There were brick-layers everywhere. Solid ground is good for solid, simple, seasonal migratory impulses. Where do the revisitations hail from? Small, toccata, mediaevalist rest stops, stricken but not senseless, have replaced the age-old promissory note - an embalmed shelter from intemperate treachery and vagaries now ascribed to vultures in Mongolia. The river valley civilization as tribal historicity,

however, never fails to redden and deaden perpetuity, acuity, deft and decimalized modernity. The gate as found in Eliot's lore is, terminally, true and testy but, yet, a cerebral poesy that will remain a psyche's deciduous lesson in psychedelics.

The rain Gods rekindled the Heraclitus agonies. Ecstatic in liberation, the populated earth swayed back and forth through grace and realty. Action-oriented programming has dealt us a deliberation mode, the fumigasi of popular faith, an irascible biennale in the shining, Swarovski-windowed shoppe. The mere technicality we post as the real planet is subverted, a sinking Goliath, scalability in hooves. Heart-warming though the geometry was, I recoiled from Promethean legend - the curatorialized anxiety of parallelism, parochial gene-editing spectres, patrimonies from far away. They said we had won. Tous le monde? Trembling egalitarians ran the Asiatic charcuterie but, alas, we do not meet the stands halfway. I do so like the wooden archaisms. They brood well. Documentasi do the genres in sublime fashion - a parameter of perfectionist alterations. Did they know the staycation is here to stay? Strutting the sophistry is kosher, as that harpooned exclamation, in Sendai formulae. Illness is cured by a jab not by a smoky, charred confederacy of brûlée. The art of living is almost sanctified here while the sanctity of life finds peculiar idiom, a Parsifal of sensory contradiction, the regular obelisk of international transformations.

The address is not vitriolic anymore. Instead, decisions to carnivalize an anomalous amalgam have been replaced by furthering altruisms seen lacking even by the snow leopard who resembles mountain genomics. The oat people, those boat friends, the other bush wigwams narrate the history of the river in a foretelling. Large, buttressed bridges are emerging and, as in the forbidden book of unreeling, so are they. The scaffold that kept it all in context has embodied, perspicaciously, a perspective. In a given place, there can be pockets but underneath resistance lies emptiness, ergonomically culled as the defining space for redress, yet marketed in large gift purses of presupposed bounty. Mutant thoughts have taken away mezzo era decadence. Food

must be secure. Water must be pure. Apparel is an exhaustive and multi-ethnic collaboration. The kitchen is modular. The rooms are clean. Soap boxes have arrived. The brush is utilitarian. The graveling planter will survive confrontation and oblivion. Change is manageable with a toolkit. Humans of Kathmandu approached invasion with coffee cups. Hope has walled us in as despair had marched us out into the world of labour markets. The trade was enveloped, stamped, comic sans. I cooked pilaf and regained paradise. The state of technology is determined.

My postcard to the Super was waylaid. It would have made for a nice but nebulous commentary on the Super's Broadway talent - an advancing metric is good yet those well-surveyed and advanced metronomic exaggerations did, finally, pierce the veil of intolerance. Ineffective as the messenger was, the medium took the underworld by storm, in a swirling maelstrom of confused and misanthropist ailments, as the quantum improvement on a fractious abyss we know and see to be hell. Fragmented and fractured, the political party has acceded to populist help, to autonomous farming, to curved tools that singe too. The politburo is bookishly bending the iron will of settlement dynamics for treasured and secretive historicity. My dissenting days did not return impact - a velveteen curtain amidst the ribosome is greater as the greater good. Summing totalitarians have repivoted the hegemon instead of replacing the world's amoral foul play called hegemony. Dire evil that persists will find symbolism and funeral dirges granular yet useless if unaided by wireless infidelity. The abattoir is bourgeois. The divan is an orchestral trend. We can search. The cloud is harnessed. Mathematics is a right, a rite, a reset.

We are momentum. Deafening sounds unearthed careless practicalities. The lights in the distance are luminous. Lessened impact gives rise to probable causes, that caregiving instinct rejected for prodigality, a lightweight and co-dwelling reason for everything. Theories went viral. A newsletter greeted me with benevolence. Astounded by everyday labours, we are a sanctuary now, a metallic shape of true futurism, a

refraction of artistic vision and learned networking. Bent and misshapen, crimes are watched and mechanisms healed. The tribalist metamorphosis was not realized. I translated my text and the original version is historicized. Horror, grotesque and carnival immorality were met with cold disdain. They do not accuse in vain. My sardonic reiterations of popular culture have priced my fate - asterisks appear and the wait for cleansed thought processes continues. Are we all in the same Plage? The plaque was embellished with oriental beads and embroidery yet the fitting metaphor is a stone slab. Cool media doused us with hilarity and awareness has returned to higher ground for the final time, that newer ending, a purified cognition ignited by the changed leader.

Resolutely, a mention lifted the ban on liberal life. Madame liberty is at sanskritized tutelage. The durbar high school, brand new and branded, is presentation itself and well beyond its indigenous, village idiocies and in tempo with the post-proliferation buggy run. Leadership change brought us the cyber store, that avowed click into self-service, a rung in the often-misrepresented systemics of modern techno-servitude. A tray is allowed, finally, but the bearer must wear a bun. A haircut is all I have by way of liberal philosophy. The clarion call for augmentation, received beneficently here, is epic, the making of an energy sufficient and zero virus cadenza, a ctrl-shift of opinion and hearsay. Dignity of labour was not mentioned. I see hope in the horizon. Businesses were sold overnight overseas. The container is also an abode. I met an entrepreneur working in the pastry shop. I will take my well-deserved conveniences and amenities in logos, please. The holos refuted the wayfarer's claim with a distanced mindset - in Rome, there are many fountains. In Nepal, the pleasantries are an offensive against rude gestures while the serfdom next door washes dirty dishes in an ungentrified post-transition normal. Happy birthday, Mr. PM?

My studio (a.k.a atelier) traumas are, digressively, denounced as advancing cyberonomics. The magic wand was a truism, an altruism, the behaviour change master key that has unlocked a seedy, Vegas dark-net bot as liberalization itself. The renowned

certificate will carry through, photocopied and phytogenic, as the sybarite's induction halo. Hal Chowk sits in quietude as we relearn the Mahadev mantras - blessed are the stars. The crossroads of destitution were blocked. The triennial of Hindu life was sighted, a sarcophagus, the belated promise of equidistance and, thus, eternity. My French Guru is blighty but such an adventurist; webbed feet have flown away and the web documentary widens the lateral into real value. The fidelity movement is, by far, the most persistent of all currents. Divides, progressive thought, pentatonic waves, injected in haste, hold the bow and arrow of interface time. My comrades in farms send us replenishments. Reinforcements are Cruella's undying vow. Redressal, rightly or wrongly, declares its transformational canonization in the name of humanity. They believe in a higher, conceptual writ, the consecrated Byzantine frieze, frappé in a reusable can. I watched a documentary on Ernest Hemingway cast over the Internet as history for anxious scribblers such as myself. The French say it best - "Les ecrivains au peril de la guerre." ■